
Title: History of Richard

Author: Beowulf Thormear

“The prescient lay blind
claims to possible futures
unfettered by personal
intervention, only individual
choice may lead to
certainty, never the other
way around.” - Richard
Ebonrune

Chapter One- Shattered Lands

“Hold the lines!” the
voice of a soldier boomed
over the blackened skies
of a moon lit battlefield.

Thousands upon thousands
of bodies lay strewn
across the bloodied fields
of a forested area west
of Minoc, soldiers clinging
to life hobbled around in
death trance, hoping to
find eternity amongst
their brethren. A lone
soldier stood in the heat
of the fray, black cloak
and armor swirling behind
him, fending off several
enemies at once with
inhuman vigor and fury.
The lone soldier
approached the front lines
of the imperial army,
eyeing the general of
British’s Minoc regiment.

“Fight to the death! We
die today rather than
bring this shame upon our
king, stand...!” The
general’s voice cut off
as a crimson blade
implanted itself within his
back.

The ebony soldier placed
his foot upon the
generals back and roughly
thrust forward, releasing
the general from the
impaling blade.

“Then die you shall.”
The ebony soldier hissed
as he once again
brandished his blade,
effortlessly slaying
several more soldiers.

The tides of battle slowly
began to shift towards
the side of the blackened
soldiers as more of the
imperial legions broke off
into frantic scattering
formations, some following
their general’s final
command, while others
choosing the option of
cowardice. In mere hours,
five hundred darkly clad
warriors had defeated the
thousands strong Minoc
regiment of Lord
British’s army.

“High Advocate, they
shall set upon us a fury
of troops, we have lost
far too many of our
brothers tonight, we
cannot possibly...” A
tired soldier’s plea was
cut short by a stiff
glance from the high
advocate.

“I have killed their
general, the rest will be
rounded up shortly, and
the word of the defeat
will not reach their ears
for months. The peace
which we have brought,
the freedom from the
king’s tyranny is worth
the price. We shall meld
with the populace, their
chores shall be ours,
their women shall be
ours, and we shall survive
to strike back again in
very few generations.”

The High Advocate grinned sadistically as his eyes wandered over the city of Minoc; the appointed governor's mansion loomed in the distance, ready for the taking.

"I believe it is time for me to become governor of Minoc, bring me three men, we will remove the nobility of this inbred little town." The High Advocate grinned and raised his sword to the blackened sky, slowly reaching for a cloth to remove the crimson stains from his blade. Stopping suddenly, the High Advocate dropped the cloth to the earth. "Let them see the blood of their saviors, who then will they cry out to for salvation."

"My lady, I suggest we flee to the docks immediately, the mage council will undoubtedly burn my flesh to cinders if they learn that you have been slain by some forest dwelling rabble." A finely dressed adjutant stood in the opulently decorated sitting room of the governor's mansion in Minoc.

A noblewoman wearing an outrageously expensive blue dress stood up sharply, a look of extreme disgust crossed her delicate features. "We will stay here, the rabble will not dare to enter the mansion, this is not a hostile holding. If they do, they know not only the soldiers of Lord British will have their

skulls mounted upon the
barricades, but their souls
will be burned from their
flesh by the mage council.
We are safe here.” The
woman jarred suddenly, as
sounds of commotion could
be heard emanating from
the lower levels of the
mansion.

“Please... take me,
leave my family, they
have done you no
harm...” The words of
the governor were cut
short as a crimson blade
lunged through his chest,
screams of servants,
women, and children could
be heard as a ruthless
slaughter commenced.

The High Advocate worked
his way up the stairs,
leaving a bloody path in
his wake, sparing neither
child nor elderly in his
dance of death. The High
Advocate reached the
final floor of the
mansion, lifting his
armored foot; he kicked
through the poorly barred
wooden door leading to
the guest chambers.
Staring with complete
horror, a finely dressed
noblewoman and her
servant looked upon the
bloodstained epitome of
inhumanity that stepped
through the splintered
opening.

“You sir! Leave this
place immediately; I am a
high noblewoman of
Moonglow, daughter to one
of the most powerful
mages in the entire
realm. If you so much as
get a speck of blood on
my servant or I, you will
be ground into dust and
used as reagents for the
mage council!” The
noblewoman spoke in harsh
defiance of the intruder,

staring the adrenaline
driven High Advocate in
his maddened eyes.

“Such a feisty one, and
with beauty to match...
Come my lady, let us
bathe in the blood of my
newly acquired mansion;
being ground to ash
seems like a worthy price
for indulging with a
noblewoman such as
yourself. The High
Advocate spat the words
from his blood stained
face and grinned with
sick perversion. “My
lady, you should have
proclaimed yourself a
servant, perhaps then you
would have been granted
a swift death.”

The sounds of a woman’s
screams of agony could
be heard throughout the
night in the crimson
stained mansion of the
former governor of
Minoc.

Chapter 2 - Baptism by Blood

“I want to die! The
child is an abomination, a
sick visage of its father
once again defiling my
body!” A woman screamed
on a birthing bed as a
gaggle of midwives
attended to her every
whim.

Time passed from minutes
to hours as screams of
agony and curses drifted
through the room, finally
ending in the sounds of a
crying child. Midwives
rushed from room to
room gathering blankets
and other necessities like
frantic insects.

“My lady, it is a boy.
The words struck the
woman with sudden

compassion as she looked upon her son. The child's piercing blue eyes looked back at her with young innocence; the unlocked depths of knowledge contained within them an exact replica of her fathers, without signs of the brutal lineage shared with the child's father.

"I shall name him Richard, after his grandfather." The woman smiled and held the child close, tears streaming from her eyes as she cradled the boy softly.